the life of a man : but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother Iohn, full brauely hast thou flesh't
Thy maiden sword.

Iohn. But soft, whom haue we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eie-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falst. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falstalffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percy I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying? I grant you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was hee, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For